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The Story of the Princess Helens.

Arthur

Loel, the nephew of ~~the king~~ <sup>Arthur</sup> fought with great courage against the giants & evil beasts of ~~that kind~~ <sup>the kind</sup> Armorica. But ~~Arthur~~, to reward him, made him ~~king~~ <sup>duke</sup> of the Armorican Britons. & ~~there~~ <sup>much</sup> before they dared to come out of the caverns & secret places where they had kept in <sup>did not</sup> hiding under the rocks of the giants. How did they know but that their new duke & his nobles might play at pelting them with the ~~large~~ boulders, each as big as a house, with which that country abounds?

But Loel, the nephew of Arthur, loved mercy & justice: and had he ~~not~~ sworn up his uncle's sword, Caliburn, that he would help the weak & pity the poor? So, one by one, the peasants gained courage to creep out of their unwholesome dens, & showed themselves, trembling, in the daylight, ready to flee into the ~~very~~ bowels of the earth should their ~~new~~ <sup>old</sup> duke but frown. It was pitiful ~~to see~~ to see the poor wretches, with blind eyes, crumpled limbs, & bodies covered with sores, get through their unwholesome living. <sup>duke</sup> Loel & his precious lady & friendly nobles went amongst them & gave them seed corn to sow, & the cattle of the giants to give them milk; gave them physic, too, for their pains, & spoke words which they heard to be kind, though they were spoken in an unknown tongue.

And now the desolate land began to smile again; fruit hung upon the trees; ~~the~~ corn sown in the fields, & the

the birds, which had all fled from the land <sup>in 1842</sup> under  
the horrible sway of the giants, came back, again  
covered the meadows with blue & gold, & filled the  
air with song.

The hearts of the people were glad & grateful when  
they saw their little children at play among  
the flowers; & they wondered that they could do  
for their good duke <sup>in return</sup> ~~to~~ all his kindness  
to them. Then ~~the nobles came among them~~  
~~one man~~ <sup>said</sup>, Let us build our duke a palace,  
more beautiful than any king's house in  
the world, excepting only the palace of King  
Arthur in the City of Legends.

When the people heard this, they raised a great  
shout, for the joy they had in a good deed  
for their ~~kind~~ lord. So the nobles & peasants  
scattered themselves all over the land to  
collect whatever there was of the beautiful  
in the castles of the slaughtered giants.  
They <sup>might</sup> ~~went~~ about now without any fear, for  
there was not one giant left in the land; though  
the wolves still came prowling down from  
the mountains, the nobles & peasants went  
<sup>attacked</sup> ~~against~~ them, armed with spears & clubs,  
showing they such as they did not kill, were  
driven back to their dens in the cold  
mountains.

Very grim, large & dismal looking <sup>old</sup> <sup>dark</sup> the castles of  
the giants; & many a time the hearts of the peasants  
fainted within them for fear, when they had climbed  
some high mountain to stand at the foot of  
the great dark castle at the top, steep as high as

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a mountains, with walls reaching up to heaven,  
How did they know but the giant was in there after all,  
& would rush out upon them with a roar like the  
sounding of the sea in a storm? They knew very  
well what would happen then. He would take them  
into his ~~braving~~ fists, dash their heads together  
until their brains glewed out - & smelt with  
castle walls, devour them half alive, or pick  
their carcasses into the valley below for the  
wolves to scent.  
At first, when they drew near to a castle  
they would keep themselves close amongst the  
rocks & the brackwood, holding their breath for  
fear; & many a time they wished themselves safe  
in the valley again with their wives & their little  
ones, even though ~~the good lord~~ had should be  
without a roof to cover his head. What care  
we, they said, for great lords & dukers! Let  
them build houses for themselves. We poor peasants  
have enough to do to look after our own?

That was what they said in their fear; but as they  
lay still & listened ~~and~~ <sup>came</sup> ~~could~~ <sup>felt</sup> on their ear,  
better thoughts <sup>arose</sup> ~~came~~. They would ~~go~~ <sup>jump</sup> up & keep  
in, at any rate; & then, if the giant did wake up,  
they would still be time to hide themselves.

And then they would ~~climb~~ <sup>climb</sup> up to the great gate, & find  
it hanging loose on rusty hinges; & there, within  
the court, was a dark lake of ~~the blood~~ <sup>the blood</sup>, &  
gleaming with ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> skeleton of  
the giant - bones enough to make a hundred  
men.

Then the people would remember God & their courage  
& bless the Duke half, who nobles for deluding  
them from so great a terror. Rightly.



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Deeply, then they got over their terror, loathing at the  
front sight they would ransack the secret  
chambers of the castle for all the treasures the  
dead giant had hidden. They found cups of  
gold & dishes of silver, slabs of marble, pink  
& green & purple, rubies & diamonds they  
found too, carved work in wood & stone,  
embroidery in gold and silk. ~~There were~~  
There were treasures which the giants had ~~secretly~~  
~~brought out of~~ ~~many lands~~ ~~of~~ ~~gold~~. But when they found  
them brought them home, each giant with  
a hundred cart-loads on his ~~front~~ back - broader  
six elephants - what did they do with their  
treasures? Did they make their castles beautiful  
with precious things?

Not they; they cared nothing for beauty; their  
desire was to destroy & bury, & to take away precious  
things from the people who did care for them.  
So every giant had, far down beneath his  
castle, huge vaults, black as midnight, big  
enough to hold a town. And here it was the  
giant stored all the treasures he collected every  
time he went down into the world, like a wild beast,  
to kill & devour his prey.

So the peasants went down into these treasure-hills  
& laboured for a thousand days in bringing  
up into the daylight the hidden treasures of  
the giants, & in bearing them away upon their  
mules to the lovely ~~flat~~ plain where they  
meant to build a palace for their good Duke.

The  
Duke Noel's Palace.

From all this time Duke Noel was away at the wars with King Arthur, & knew nothing of the great work his people had taken in hand. When they got to the fair plain of Bretigni, each with his mule's burden of precious things, they found Sir Lestan waiting to receive what they brought.

Lestan was a great captain under the duke, & withal, he was a wise man, who no sooner looked at a thing than he knew a use for it & that the very best use it could be put to. As the people came pouring in with their loads of marble & gold, carved <sup>by a little</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>of his hand</sup> ~~work~~ <sup>work</sup> & embroidery, Lestan said not a word, but <sup>pointed</sup> ~~pointed~~ to each man where to put the things he had brought.

The people kept silence too, for nothing looked at the wise grey beard, they said 'Sir Lestan has a plan in his head!' and they were so crafty as if a man's footfall might draw away that vision of a palace which they saw coming into Lestan's eyes.

The last man had brought in the last load, & all the time Lestan never spoke. And now he saw it spread before him in the plain, a vast & stately palace, as big as a town, with a high wall & towers & battlements about it. He knew the size & the place of every stone in the walls, the pattern <sup>about the</sup> in every hanging, the precious stones set in each of the portals.

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Then it was in Sir Lutan's brain, but it had  
yet to be built. This great palace which should  
be the glory of Gaul. But the Captains could  
build as well as plann. Set a thousand men  
before him, & he knew in a twinkling what  
each man could do, what he could do  
best. And as the people had brought in their  
loads, saying nothing, Lutan had said to  
himself, this man shall do this, & that man  
the other; & he had brought him of the right  
best for every peasant & noble in the land.

He had planned tasks of spinning, weaving  
sew-broidering for the noble ladies & the peasant  
women too, for the palace should be furnished  
with whatever was beautiful & seemly.

One part of his plan was not easy to bring about.  
He had set his heart upon a surprise for Avel;  
that he should come unawares upon the stately  
palace everywhere complete, & find out that it  
was waiting to receive him & his - the people  
opening of his loving people.

All this Lutan saw his way to manage without  
any gathering of workmen or noise of tools. He put  
a number upon every slab of marble, log of  
timber, block of stone, every piece of sewing  
& embroidery, & marked upon each the exact  
size & shape it must be of to fit into the  
place which its number showed it was to  
fill.

Then he called the people together & gave every  
man his task to take home, giving him a year  
and



and a day has perfectly the work is had taken in hand.

The next day Luke had returned from the wars. Therefore ever he embraced his lady, he rode through his dominions with his squire by his side to see if any wrong remained to be righted, if any poor man was in need of help from his strong hand.

As the boat sailed across the plain of Protigum,  
where was no sign of fall that had ever come & gone, -

"Here were a good place, later. In a royal  
Palace," said the Duke; "a great lord might  
father his people here as a mother fathers her  
children for the evening meal."

And Isten laughed under his beard; but ~~then~~  
Kael saw no more ~~there~~ that he nodded his  
grey head ~~three times~~ said nothing.

In next year, Arthur again called his trusty  
nephew to the wars. Noel went - in search of Eden  
his friend!

his friend!  
"Return," he said, "we cannot both go follow the  
king; you must stay here with ~~my~~ <sup>our</sup> people. There are giants on the border,  
waiting to break in upon us whenever they  
find opportunity. Be content, stay here now,  
& next time, you shall <sup>go to the wars</sup> ~~follow the king~~  
& I shall stay at home."

"Let it be" said Selma.

That was much for him to say, & Noel was  
satisfied: he did not know ~~that~~ the old man  
chuckled <sup>to himself</sup> behind his beard.

Proserpines very the same & this <sup>proceed</sup> following well on  
their way through Noel sent a spray of holly with present

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pursued from house to house through the length  
& breadth of the land. That was the signal by  
which every man knew that he was to bring  
his work to <sup>about</sup> ~~stand~~.

Again, the plain was full of great companies  
of people leading many heavily laden mules.  
And they stood in silent, as ever, directing  
everything with a jerk of his thumb. The men  
came in upon the order in which their work was  
numbered, & each unloaded his mule, & then  
directed him to put each thing in its own  
place, so that as every man put his work in  
order, that much of the palace was finished.

In ninety days & ninety nights the people  
laboured, every man building his own portion,  
so that he might point to it hereafter & say, 'Sure,  
that is my work!' I defy any man to do it  
better! Some who worked by day slept by night,  
& those who worked by night slept by day, &  
the great work went on without pause.

At last it was finished, & stood there white &  
glorious under the June sun, like a queen  
come down to take possession of the plain.  
And the people stood about, breathless, &  
silent as their masters, with no power left  
in them even to shout, so filled were they  
with the delight of a good work done.

And <sup>marked it up</sup> so <sup>rooms</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~building it~~ <sup>leaving nothing</sup>  
of ~~place~~ or furnishing that the heart of man  
could desire. There were stables for the  
horses, & bowers for the ladies & nurseries for  
the men-at-arms, & a vast hall, & in the  
heavens, for the lord & his retainers: there were <sup>four</sup>



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fair chambers, too, for the little children, though  
as yet ~~there~~ was Duke Noel had none.

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Duke Noel comes home,

While the people stood admiring, a messenger  
brought word that the Duke had crossed the seas.  
He sent greetings to his lady & his people, &  
promised to be amongst them within twenty  
days. — Councils were held to settle how Noel was  
to be brought to his palace; but though many  
spoke, it was Estens who acted: he always had  
the right plan, perhaps because he did not  
waste himself in many words.  
This was how it was told: Estens, we heard,  
should ride forth to meet his lord; others too  
should go through the land: wherever all  
armies, coming upon Perpignan in this way.  
Meanwhile, the ~~household~~ <sup>lady</sup> & her maidens & all  
her household should be brought in state  
to the great new palace, to be there in waiting  
for the Duke.  
And first all fell out: when, all of a sudden,  
the shining towers of Perpignan broke upon  
him, Noel, ~~strong~~ man of valour as he was,  
nearly fell from his horse with amazement.  
Then his people thronged upon him, & lifted him  
from his saddle, & bore him on their shoulders,  
& sang & cried & sobbed & shouted, &  
were beside themselves with joy, as they  
~~bore~~ carried him into the great hall, & set  
to the dais, to the <sup>high</sup> great chair of state beside  
which sat his lady.

Then Noel got up, & raised his eyes & then looked  
about him; but it was not at the foot of the carving

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the roof, was at the tapestry hung on the walls, he  
looked. No, ~~not~~ before him, & away into the  
dim space of the hall, were faces, the faces  
of his people, thick as daisies in a field, every  
face as an open book, writ with love & kindness.  
Hael cleared his throat & tried to speak, but the  
words would not come; he tried again, & once more  
& at last - <sup>he said,</sup>  
"My people, God bless you!" <sup>but he forgot him;</sup>  
<sup>when he cleared his head</sup>  
that was all: ~~the sacrifice~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~fell back in his~~  
<sup>on his arms, for he could not</sup> ~~keep back the~~  
~~tears~~ <sup>tears</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~pressed~~ <sup>pressed</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~chest~~ <sup>chest</sup>.  
And the people shouted till the walls shook again;  
& when, at last, every man went home, it was  
with a prayer in his heart for ~~the good Duke Hael~~.

All the next week, Hael took no time to  
admire the glories of his new palace: for he  
saw every sort of his people's household, were in  
a bustle of preparations for such a feast as  
had never been seen spread in American  
halls.

~~Ten~~ <sup>Ten</sup> thousand oxen were driven in, each whole  
roasted whole at a thousand mighty bonfires  
built <sup>around</sup> the walls: <sup>thirty</sup> ~~ten~~ thousand sheep  
followed; red deer like rabbits for numbers;  
& of the birds of the air & the fish of the rivers,  
an innumerable multitude. And ~~the~~  
meat & the sides, had all the barrels burst: the  
great palace & its walls call that it contained  
would have been lost in a lake of sweet  
waters.

At length all was ready; the fumes & the fragrant  
were arranged, the mighty cooking begun. &  
Duke Hael threw open his doors & every soul in  
his